

Price 15 cents

**COMIC
STRIP
NUMBER**

WAUF!

22-2-2-
2-2

POW!

WHAM!

BAM!

ZOWIE!

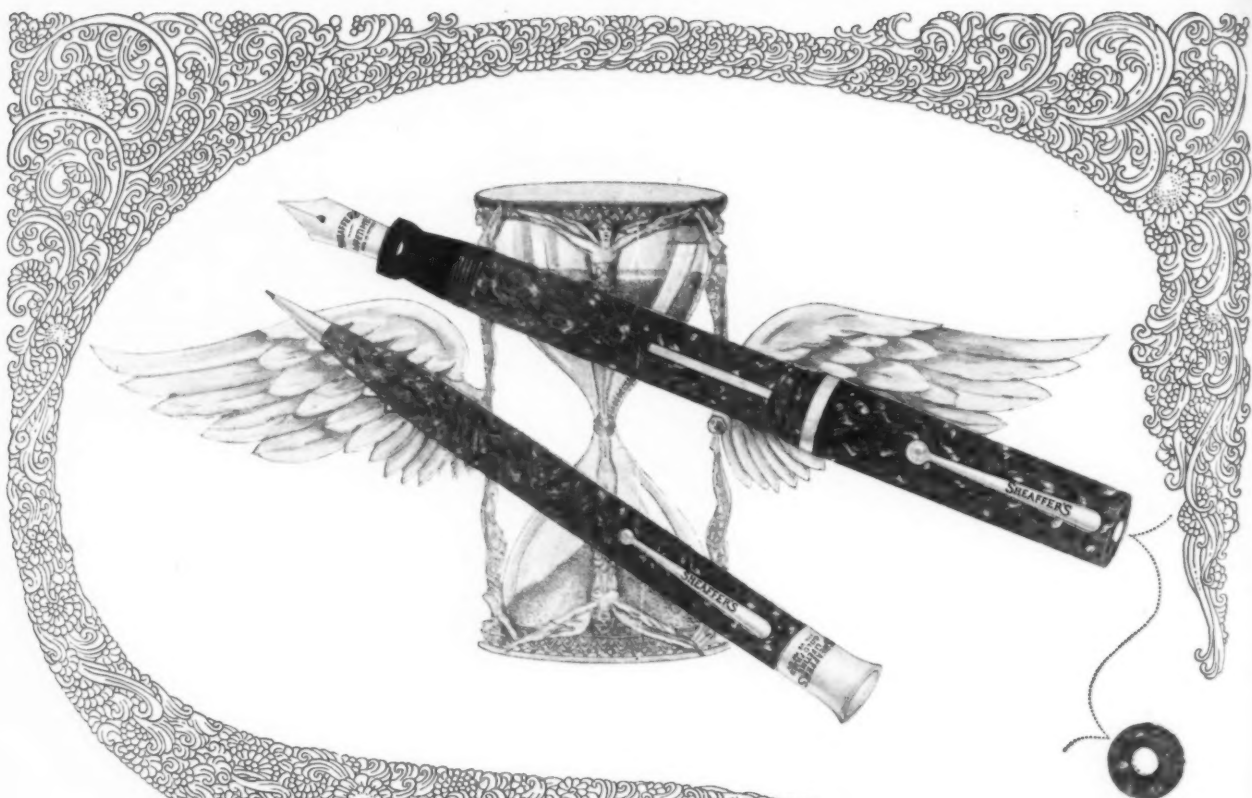
SOCKO!

GLUG!!

OOFF!
EE!

ZU

John
Held in



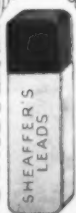
Identify the Lifetime
pen by this
white dot

Time cannot harm these fine writing instruments

Guaranteed they are for a lifetime. But what is infinitely more important, they are guaranteed to be superlatively fine writing instruments *always*. They are not merely guaranteed against imperfections. They are guaranteed *to work*, and to work well, for a lifetime. The white-dotted Sheaffer pen will withstand any sort of hard usage. With its Radite barrel and its infallible nib, it is as tenacious as it is beautiful. But first and always, it is a *dependable performer*. There can be no charge for repairs, if they are ever needed. We see to that. It is a time defier.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50—pencil, \$4.25

At better stores everywhere



Blue Label
Leads
25 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W.A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA

NEW YORK—80 FIFTH AVENUE • LONDON—109 REGENT STREET
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—86 MANNERS STREET
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—160 GEORGE STREET, WEST

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DAVID
DENTON
1929

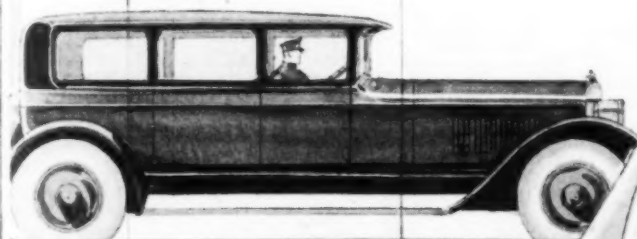
IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

Hupmobile has swept to the top
of the eight market. Engineers
say it has no superior; and no equal,
save in a costly European eight.

Beauty, Color Options, Luxury in
ten enclosed and open bodies—\$1945 to
\$2595 f.o.b. Detroit plus revenue tax

Custom Bodies by DIETRICH

New ideas, new luxury,
new distinction in the
beautiful custom body
designs created and
built by Dietrich exclu-
sively for Hupmobile.



THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE EIGHT



*Forecasting
tomorrow's trend as surely as the first
Chrysler initiated today's vogue*



ALERTNESS



IN the light of past Chrysler achievements it is easy to appreciate the full significance of the new, finer Chrysler "70".

It is easy to understand how its distinctive style and smartness—and its new low prices—forecast a fresh vogue in motoring even more emphatically than did the first Chrysler of three years ago.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—newer lowness of design, with smaller wheels—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer perfection of appointment—newer refinements in controls and lighting, with a lock conveniently placed on the dash,—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

Joined to Chrysler's characteristic speed and pickup, unvarying dependability and enduring

long life, proved by hundreds of thousands of owners, this new eye-compelling beauty and alluring luxury and comfort, leave today's trend as far behind as its older self advanced beyond the styles of three years ago.

Phaeton \$1395; Sport Phaeton \$1495; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) \$1495; Brougham \$1525; Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) \$1545; Royal Sedan \$1595; Two-passenger Convertible Cabriolet (with Rumble Seat) \$1745; Crown Sedan \$1795.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

THE NEW FINER

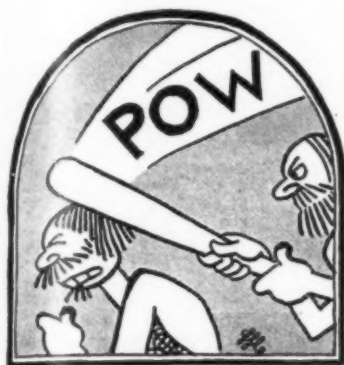
CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Life

Legal Murder

HELPLESSLY bound on the burning sands of a desert island in the far South Seas lay a huge hulk of a man writhing in torture, while about him danced two fiends taking ghoulish delight in the agony they were inflicting. It was a sight to bring pain to a heart of stone, yet not a hand was raised in aid of the victim.



Big Laughs of the Past

CAIN KNOCKS ABEL FOR A ROW OF ONE-ROOM BUNGALOWS.

mechanical contrivance of pain that a diseased intelligence could conceive.

Yet all things must come to an end. Eventually that giant body gave a last spasmodic twitch, then lay silent. One of the two demons prodded it tentatively with a hot iron.

"I tink, Fritz," he remarked when he failed to evoke an answering stir, "der Captain iss ge-oudt!"

"Choor, Hans," replied his satanic mate, "trow alretty a cup vater in der oldt geezer's face und gif anodder toin mit der tumscrews vile I tink up something else fonny ve shouldt pull on him neggst Sunday." *Tip Bliss.*

Efficiency

MRS. GRAMERCY: It's just wonderful to be able to talk across the Atlantic.

MRS. PARK: I wouldn't be surprised any day to hear that you could get one of those Paris divorcees without the trouble of going over.

Never since the unimaginable barbarities performed in ancient Chinese torture chambers had such inhuman suffering been imposed upon a mortal frame. But life still remained—the vital spark still gleamed fitfully—and until blessed unconsciousness should arrive the paid torturers applied to the full every devilish mechanical contrivance of pain that a diseased intelligence could conceive.



THE HOME LIFE OF A COMIC STRIP ARTIST

"She Followed Him Perfectly"

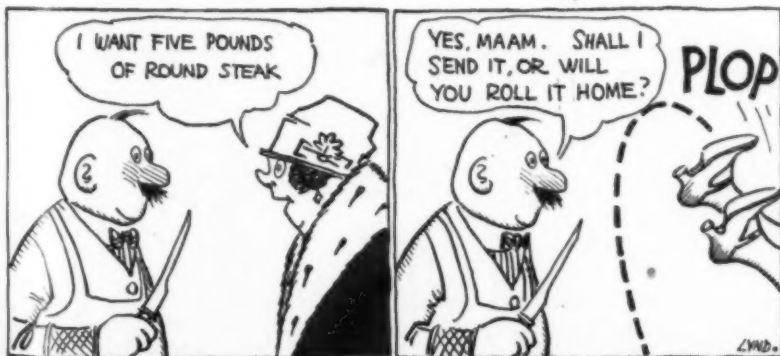
SHE: I simply can't stand Shaw, can you?
 HE: Well, he's awfully clever, don't you think?
 SHE: Yes, he is awfully clever, but I don't know.
 HE: One of the greatest minds of the age.
 SHE: Oh, of course.
 HE: I admire him tremendously.
 SHE: Don't you, though? I simply adore him—always have!
 HE: Don't you abominate Mencken?
 SHE: Oh, I simply loathe him—I can't tell you how I detest him!

HE: But don't you love the way he lampoons one-hundred-per-cent. Americanism as typified by our sterling go-getters?
 SHE: Isn't it rich? Well, of course I adore Mencken—I always have!
Lloyd Mayer.

Nowadays

WILLIS: I asked the reporter to suppress that article.
 GILLIS: Did he do it?
 WILLIS: Practically. He didn't put it on the sporting page.

PROHIBITION may not succeed but it dries its best.





Greetsby's Outline of Journalism

"I ALWAYS buy the *Evening Whoop* because its editorials are so good," says Horace K. Greetsby. And so, sinking into his seat on the 5:27, he—

1. Skims the front-page headlines,
2. Hurries to page 14 and reads, with eager interest,
 - a) The Gumps.
 - b) Skippy.
 - c) Bringing Up Father.
 - d) Regular Fellers.
 - e) Polly and Her Pals.
3. Turns to sporting page and devours Mutt and Jeff.
4. Looks on page 8 for the Toonerville Trolley. Fails to find it. Damns make-up man.
5. Hunts feverishly through paper. Finds Toonerville Trolley on page 3. Reads it, much relieved.
6. Turns to editorial page to read Kin Hubbard.
7. Folds paper over face.
8. Goes to sleep....
9. Hurries out, leaving paper on train. S. W.

Forethought

"SO Corinne is a very careful girl?"

"Yes; she only goes out once a week."

"Why?"

"Her boy friend gets paid weekly."

Thoughts of a Man

LORD she's wonderful she's different from other women not only beautiful but character too never says a mean thing about anybody and isn't all the time thinking about men and attention Lord I wish I knew how I stood with her funny she doesn't seem to encourage any one but she's too sweet to string anybody not like these girls that drive a man crazy thinking about them so he can't work or anything she's an inspiration I work better for the thought of her I wonder what she's doing at this instant funny how I keep wondering what she's doing every hour of the day she must be on my mind a good deal but it never interferes with my work I know I'm better off thinking of her only one thing I can't understand she's just the same to everybody but I suppose she's too kind to show any difference

in feeling toward some of those dumbbells she knows but one thing she did say she adored to go out with me I bet she doesn't say that to every one but gosh sometimes I wonder what's the use she's never given me any encouragement funny how I tremble every time I call her up now if it were some other girl I'd call up any old time but calling her now is an ordeal somehow I can't seem to be natural about it sometimes I wonder if I'm in love with her but that's ridiculous I'd show it if I were.... Lloyd Mayer.



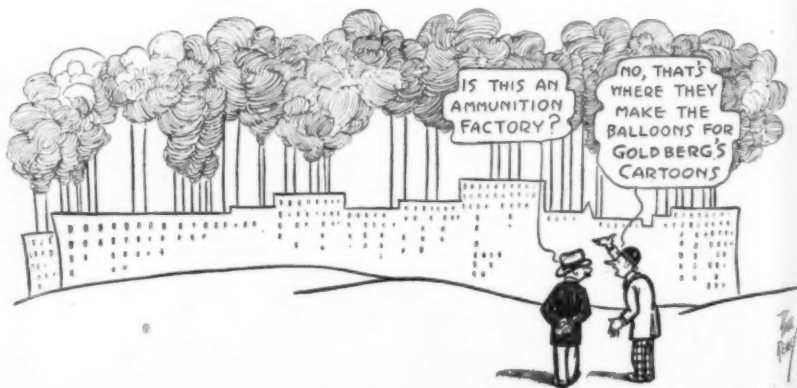
Big Laughs of the Past

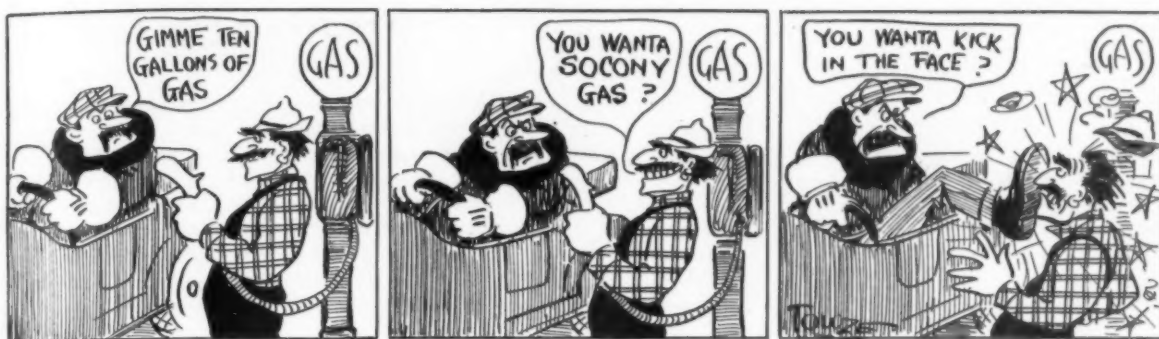
THE WHALE MISTAKES JONAH FOR A BUSINESS MAN'S BLUE-PLATE SPECIAL.

Private Stock

FIRST BOOTLEGGER: This Johnnie Walker tastes like the real stuff to me.

SECOND BOOTLEGGER: Sure, it's the real stuff. I wouldn't think of cutting an old friend.





A Dog's Life

A Comic-Strip Tragedy, in One Swoon

(With Apologies to the Reader Exclusively)

SCENE: The place where little comic-strip characters go when the ink dries.

ABIE: Noo, mine friends, and how is eppis business?

MAW: Heavenly Days! Nobuddy kin say as how I don't work for my livin'. Seems like my job turned out to be nuthin' but one great big flop. Fainted dead away eight times last week, I did, an' twice Sunday, an' each one with a loud, inky PLOP. 'S'wunder he wouldn't let me—

JEFF: Mm! With all due respect for a lady, Mrs. Perkins, you gotta admit that your job ain't so strenuous compared to mine. Faintin' a few times a week? Soft, I calls it! Looka me, gettin' beat up, scalded, drowned, starved or blown up every single morning at the hands of that long-nosed ant-eater. Why, if—

MOWRISS: Hm! Rilly, iss diss a feet? So iss maybe mine boss sotch a izzy-going critchure wit a kind-hearted poison, ha? Roses witt willets witt rhododendelines is mine axistence yat, wot it falls gradually by me in de had every Sunday a grant piano odder maybe a copple rhinoceroses, it should amusing de snops witt de highbrows! Bumps on de had witt blinkers—

THE CAPTAIN: Donner und blitzen! Vot iss? Goes it by a veek vot it giffs no

moiders und arsenals from dem two liddle hyenas, ven I got to fight

they shouldn't efsheer be so hard on us? Do us somet'ing, what could they do us?

MOWRISS: De emotion I'm seconding. So iss here any descending votes? No? Iss passed! So I'll gonna rid de partition:

"WHEREHAS, de comical streeper henterainers in convention ensembled have decited to protast from de roff witt hosh witt brutal trittment wot dey gattin from de bosses, be it gradually resolved—"

(Enter a burly taxi driver, who proceeds to beat ABIE to a pulp; followed by POLLY, whose new \$3500 ermine coat causes MAW to faint; AUGUSTUS MUTT, who crowns JEFF with a cuspidor; HANS and FRITZ, who set off a keg of dynamite under the CAPTAIN; and finally NIZE BABY, who inexplicably releases the curtain, causing it to fall with a crash and catch all hands neatly on the back of the neck.)

ALL (swooning in unison, their eyes conspicuously blackened): Awk!
D'Annunzio Cohen.

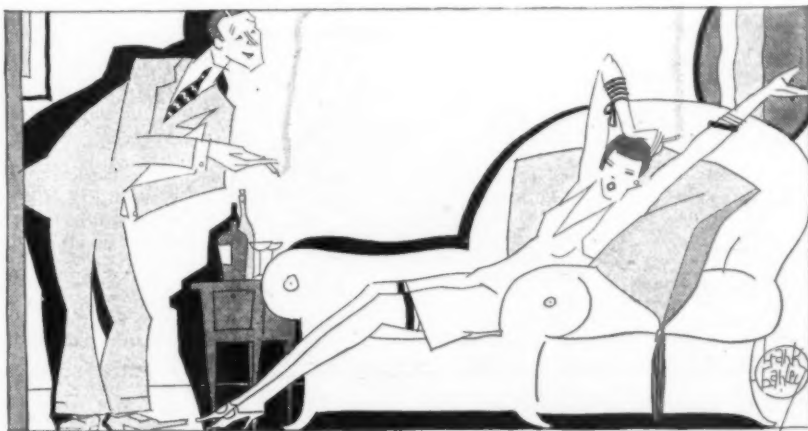
Menu

(For a Comic Strip Luncheon)

HORS D'OUPS		
BALLOON SOUP	WISE CRACKERS	
POOR FISH	WHAM SANDWICHES	
BEEFSTEAK		
BATTERED BEANS	SMASHED POTATOES	
ASTERISK TIPS		
CUSTARD PIE	BRICK ICE CREAM	
ICE TNT	BLACK GOOPY	
CHEESE	CHEESE	CHEESE
ASSAULTED NUTS		

vild cats und firecrackers und cannibals und glue und—

ABIE: And supposin' yes? How many times a toughish bummer gives me good so I got to lay in a hospital? Who could know—might'll be with a petitioning we could ask our bosses



He: WHY, I CAN READ YOU LIKE A BOOK.

She: WELL, TO ME, YOU'RE AS EASY AS A COMIC STRIP.

Habit
FIRST SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR: Minnie went to the track to bet on the horses yesterday.

SECOND DITTO: How did she make out?

"She got the plugs mixed, as usual."



The Final Decision

NO more alimony for me. From me, rather.

I've decided no woman on earth is going to make me worry over my bank balance and maybe go without things I really need—just because some tender-hearted Judge listened to her tearful tale and fell for it.

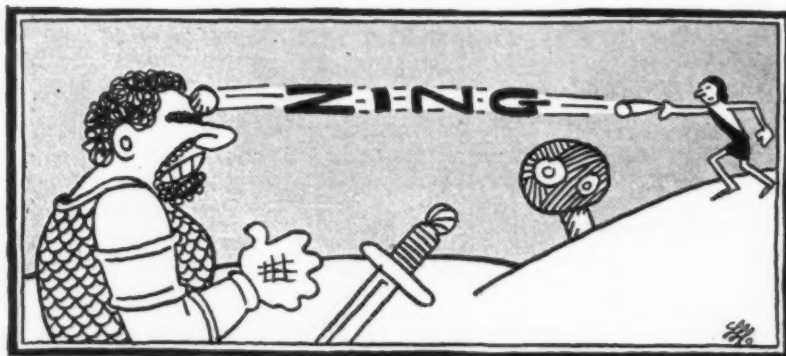
Why should I hand Alice a chunk of hard cash every month and not even know what she does with it?

My mind is made up; I'll pay her no more alimony.

We're getting married again in the morning.

James A. Sanaker.

THERE is a little bit of moisture in every good Prohibitionist—but only Wayne B. Wheeler is All Wet.



Big Laughs of the Past

DAVID DISCOVERS THAT THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL.

The Nicaraguan Crisis

An Editorial

TO those editorial writers seemingly bemused by the present American policy of "intervention" in Nicaragua we extend our sincerest sympathy, since, to any one who has studied the inexorable march of preceding events, our national course is not only natural but inevitable. Let us take them up point by point, thoroughly confident that at the end of our exposition no discerning and enlightened reader can fail to be convinced.

1. In 1776 George Washington crossed the Delaware River and, at Trenton, inflicted a crushing blow on the Hessians, thereby paving the way directly for the brilliant victory at Princeton. (Note: This was before the passing of the ordinance forbidding anybody to gain a brilliant victory at Princeton except Princeton.) Well, then!

2. Nicolaus Copernicus, the famous Polish astronomer, in 1543 published his treatise, "*De Orbium Revolutionibus Coelestium*," promulgating the theory that the earth and other planets revolve around the sun, thereby precipitating a keen controversy among the Roman Catholic clergy. So!

3. When coal is heated to a high temperature in retorts, out of contact with air, a number of volatile products are distilled off, leaving a residue of coke. The principal volatile products are illuminating gas, coal tar and ammoniacal liquor. And what do you say to that?

4. There are twelve signs to the Zodiac—Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, and Aquarius. (Note: That only makes eleven, but the corner of our Almanac page is torn off.) There!

5. And anyway, who ever heard of the Nicaraguan Army or the Nicaraguan Navy, and who's going to stop us if we do feel like stepping in? Aha!

Tip Bliss.

Laughed Out

ZAM: So you've quit reading the comic strips—what's the idea?

ZOWIE: Oh, nothing—I'm just getting a little balloon-tired.

WHERE are the wits of a bygone year?

Where are the Wildes and the Whistlers gay?

Field—despite an occasional tear—
The nineteenth century's F. P. A.
Buried in Bartlett and laid away;
Hidden from all but the bookworm's
eyes.

Yet 'twas of these that one used
to say:

"This is the humor that never dies!"

Quipsters acknowledging scarce a peer.

Wielders of satire's rapier they.
Now who knows them? Where does
one hear

A wheeze of Whistler's recalled to-day?

I don't deny that perhaps one may
(One can do anything when one
tries).

Yet how that prediction has gone astray!—

"This is the humor that *never* dies."

But when Mutt hits Jeff with a keg
of beer,

When Maud kicks Si through a load of hay.

When Hans and Fritz to the Captain's car

Tie firecrackers in childish play,
When Boob McNutt's thrown into
the bay

And afterwards plastered with custard pies.

Hark to the customers' happy
bray!

This is the humor that never dies.

Prince, hold your chin out a bit.
Hooray!

Wasn't that wallop a big surprise? Tut, old fellow! Don't look distrait!

This is the *humor* that never dies!
Baron Ireland.

"SIMPSON seems to have made a
hit with that new comic of his."

"Yes; all it needs now is for somebody to write an article for the *Yale Review* explaining its symbolism."

IT would be impossible to call the complexion of a girl of to-day a straight flush.



WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

(“MCGRAW TRADES FRISCH FOR HORNSBY.”)

DE MILLE trades Leatrice Joy to Famous Players-Lasky for Clara Bow.

Station WFAF swaps Graham McNamee to KDKA for \$100,000.00 and two unnamed announcers.

National Biscuit Co. trades office
boys with H. J. Heinz Co.

Harvard rooks Princeton; one halfback for two fullbacks and a quarterback is fair exchange and no robbery.

Saturday Evening Post denies rumored trade with *Vanity Fair*.

LIFE receives this article and trades back one vest-pocket dictionary.
Bill Sykes.

Bill Sykes.

"JUST look at him," said the Chicago gunman. "He's head of the biggest bootleg gang in the country, and when he first started he didn't have anything but a high-powered car and a machine gun."

ONCE upon a time an association of manufacturers launched a campaign that was not described as "nationwide."

FOOTBALL may not be unduly emphasized, but when did two colleges sever relations because of a disputed point in a chess match?



The Advertisement Reader Visits His Doctor



The Associate Editor

USED BY SYNDICATES TO MAKE SURE THE JOKE WON'T GO OVER THE PUBLIC'S HEAD.

The Passionate Comic-Strip Reader to His Love

COME live with me and be my Spouse
Within a crammed apartment-house
And we'll enact there, to the life,
Our rôles of typical Man and Wife.

When I come home (with shoes in hand)
At three A. M., you—who should stand
Behind the door—will sock me in
The noodle with a rolling-pin.

Whenever you request me to
Do something much too hard for you,
I'll sneer at your inferior skill—
And then fall off the window sill.

Your letters I'll forget to mail;
And I shall never fail to quail
Each time these awful words you speak:
"Mother is coming down next week."

If you desire a hat or dress,
You'll treat me with strange gentleness;
And I'll be sweet as Lillian Gish
When I desire a special dish.

Oh, if you like a life of storm
And stress, and know you can conform
To comic artists' version of
A married pair, come be my Love.

Simonetta.

"DOCTOR, I'm all run down, a human wreck, flat-chested, weak-willed, scatterbrained, exposed to coughs, colds and embarrassing mistakes in English, and with a poor memory, dizziness, faulty diet, high and low blood-pressure, palpitations of the heart, blushing, troubled dreams, bow legs, incorrect dress, a feeling of inferiority, financial worry, lack of initiative, culture, and real pep, fear of my superiors in business, fallen arches, shortness of breath, loss of appetite and all my friends, general debility, incipient hay fever and undernourishment and snoring at night. I'm too old at forty, the boss doesn't even know my name, I'm seldom counted in, often counted out, I long to be the life of the party but I can't dance a step, feel alone in a crowd, my hair is falling out and my face after shaving is covered with tiny unseen nicks which mar my social

pleasures and cut down my profits, and I am doomed to failure because I let other men walk over me to executive positions while I remain a



Big Laughs of the Past

NOAH DECIDES THAT THE HUMAN RACE IS ALL WET.

mere salaried bookkeeper, yet I need not despair for I am going to clip the coupon, fill in my name and address, and become a new man almost overnight, and I just thought I'd let you know I won't need your services, good morning."

W. W. Scott.

An Old Problem Solved

How to Dispose of Used Safety Razor Blades

1. COLLECT blades until next trip in Pullman. Drop blades in slot provided. If old Pullman with no slot, better luck next time.
2. Address blades to Santa Claus, North Pole. Let Dead Letter Office do the rest.
3. Send blades to any charity that advertises "All Contributions Welcomed."
4. Distribute blades to small boys of neighborhood to play doctor with.
5. Make blades into neat package, take to Grand Central parcel room, and check. Lose check.

R. L. G.

DORA: I always keep men at arm's length.

"Don't you ever let them get farther away than that?"



Life



Lines

WE read that Mrs. LOTTIE SCHOEMMEL, "for the sake of history," swam the Delaware in slightly over ten minutes, beating WASHINGTON's passage time. What would be the fate of history had Mrs. SCHOEMMEL failed staggers imagination.

JL

It is just conceivable that the country might be entirely satisfied with the following ticket: For President; COOLIDGE; for Vice-President, DAWES; for White House Spokesman, WILL ROGERS.

JL

After all these years we have finally discovered the real reason for the great and continued success of Anne Nichols' "Abie's Irish Rose." It has Sects Appeal!

JL

The Supreme Kingdom, the religious end of which is now handled by JOHN ROACH STRATON, is to "combat atheism and its accursed ally, evolution." With all these new auxiliaries God can probably spare a few Marines to guard the mails and enforce Prohibition.

JL

MYER LANDA, Jewish author, has discovered that *Shylock* was "not a Jew." In that case, and for the benefit of the anecdote writers and raconteurs, he will have to be made a Scotchman.

JL

These small motor cars which seem to be fashionable this year will give the statisticians a happy summer. So many more of them can be placed end-to-end on Sunday afternoons.

JL

A professor in Ohio State University has succeeded in photographing the human voice. For the sake of posterity he should hasten to make a good negative of a whisky tenor.

Comic Strip Measure

4 OOFs	= 1 pow
2 pows	= 1 ouch
8 ouches	= 1 wham
3 whams	= 1 glugg
4 gluggs	= 1 ZOWIE
2 ZOWIES	= 1 *!?!±??!

Balk

THE pitcher started to wind up—then stopped.

"Gosh," he mused, "I can't remember if I'm supposed to throw this game or not!"

The Dramatists

A STRING of shiny days we had,
A spotless sky, a yellow sun;
And neither you nor I was sad
When that was through and done.

But when, one day, a boy comes by
And pleads me with your happiest vow,
"There was a lad I knew—" I'll sigh;
"I do not know him now."

And when another girl shall pass
And speak a little name I said,
Then you will say, "There was a lass—
I wonder is she dead?"

And each of us will sigh, and start
A-talking of a faded year,
And lay a hand above a heart,
And dry a pretty tear. Dorothy Parker



DISARMAMENT DAY FOR THE COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS



The Gay Nineties

WITH ALL ITS ELABORATE "CHAMBERS OF HORRORS," BREATHING PRESIDENTS AND MECHANICAL CHESS PLAYERS THE OLD *Eden Musée* OF THE THRILLY NINETIES HAD NO ATTRACTION HALF AS POPULAR AS THE USUAL IMPROMPTU COMEDY OF THE NEAR-SIGHTED PATRON AND THE WAX POLICEMAN.

How to Become a Comic Strip Artist

STUDY fat men running. Study fat men falling. Read *Life* of Lucrezia Borgia. Hear joke somewhere. Remember it. Study plain kicking. Study face kicking. Study pants kicking and the ballistics of bricks—of china—of pies. Read *Murder as a Fine Art*. Don't forget your joke. Study falling into ponds—over cliffs—into mud—off ladders—through coal-holes. Learn the technique of goats, mules and mothers-in-law. Familiarize yourself with the slipping qualities of

banana skins, ice and soap. Keep your joke firmly in mind. Go to train wrecks, lynchings and mine disasters. Study buzz-saws. And arrange with nurse to drop you on your head when you are two years old.

S. W.

Great Idea

GOTHAMITE: Distinguished visitors are given the freedom of the city and presented with a key.

BRITISHER: Bah Jove! Does it open the padlocks?

A Careful Mother

"YOU don't have the *Banner* at your house Sundays, do you?"

"No, we gave it up for the *Gazette*. The comic supplement in the *Banner* says, 'What the h——!' and in the *Gazette* they say, 'What the ding-ding!' It's so much better for the children's morals."

A MERICANS, we read, are gradually acquiring a culture of their own. The only problem now is where to park it.

History via the Comic Strip

SCENE:

Versailles and 135th Street.

THE MOB: Bread! We want bread!

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*on the balcony*): Bread, eh? Well, folks, play **WATTATOOCHIE** on the nose in the first race, and by this time tomorrow you'll all have a **ROLL!**

(**ZOWIE!**)

SCENE: *A Tavern in London. . .*

A GENTLEMAN: Our gracious Queen, Elizabeth, is some baby doll, eh, Walt?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (*removing his cloak and pointing to the distinct hoofprints of her Majesty thereon*): You said it. She's **THERE WITH BOTH FEET!**

(**BOOM!**)

SCENE: *A Cell in the Bastille.*

A JAILER: Give me three thousand crowns and I will tell you how you can escape.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK: Here they are. How?



Big Laughs of the Past

LEANDER TRIES TO PULL A GERTRUDE EDERLE AND FLOPS.

THE JAILER (*pocketing the money*): Catch the measles and **BREAK OUT!**

(**POW!**)

SCENE: *Outside Moscow.*

A CORNET OF HORSE: Napoleon, can you give me a sentence with the word "Waterloo" in it?

LE PETTY CAPORALLY: Decidedly not. Can you, my friend?

THE CORNET (*coming out flat with it*): **WATERLOO** do, when you are far away?...

(**AWK!**)

Henry William Hanemann.



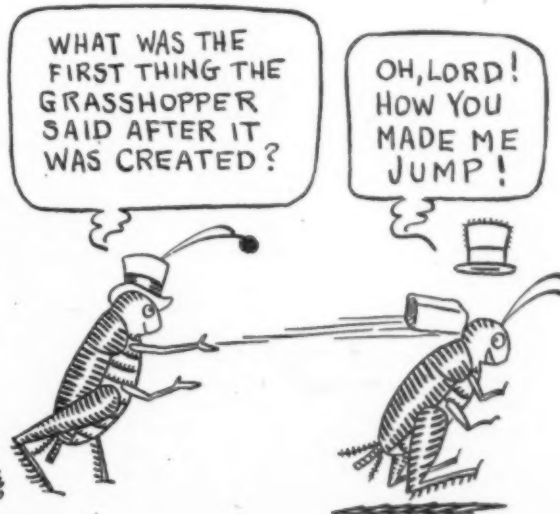
Mrs. Pep's Diary

January 11th

Up betimes, having slept but little during the night for that some wretch had left papers near my window for the wind to rustle, and it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a woman in a sheer nightshift to arise in the cold and attend to such a matter. Three cheques by the morning post, adding to the considerable sum I have won by a wager which did come about in this wise: The other night at a dinner I did rattle off, apropos of a point which I have forgotten, the Latin for "All Gaul is divided into three parts," whereupon a gentleman across the table did question the accuracy of my quotation, and it did develop that almost everybody present had a special version of his own to which he stuck and on which he would wager, so that I took their various bets with some misgivings, which did but increase as I made inquiries of others before I could come at a copy of the Commentaries and settle the dispute. How I, who am a most indifferent classical scholar, should come to have been right and everybody

else wrong does prove that Providence moves in a mysterious way to keep me solvent at the bank, and furthermore does refute my suspicions whilst reading Cæsar that it would ever avail me aught, for I was wont to ask my father, "What's the use of my studying Latin? I shan't ever go there." The reason for my victory, however, is that I was but trusting to the ear of memory, whilst the losers were justifying themselves by hazy reminiscences of laws of grammar and syntax... In the hands of my sempstress all this day, and then to dine at the Kendalls', where I did hear a tale about a Scotchman who kept racing off and

(Continued on page 32)



FIRST PRIZE WINNER



ALIBI NUMBER THREE

President Coolidge: THE PEOPLE SEEM TO BE VOTING WET IN EVERY ELECTION. HOW DOES THAT HAPPEN?
Wayne B. Wheeler: WELL — YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... The wets outbid us. They pay \$1 a vote and promise beer while our best offer is \$10 and a promise of Heaven.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

LAWRENCE MCCrackEN,
 13709 Othello Avenue,
 Cleveland, Ohio.

Second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

R. F. DEVINE, *New York City*;
 H. GORRELL, *Montreal, Canada*;
 Miss BARBARA M. HURLBURT, *Hartford, Connecticut*;
 JAMES SHEARER, II, *New York City*;
 MARY STEVENS, *Buffalo, New York*.

Next week we will announce
 the winners of
 ALIBI NUMBER FOUR

Conditions of the Contest

Read these carefully:

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER EIGHT."

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it was this way..." Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up. (Continued on page 30)

ALIBI CONTEST

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

LIFE'S Great Alibi Contest is now in its eighth week. It has proven vastly popular—so popular, in fact, that we feel it our duty to urge those of **LIFE's** readers who have not participated to do so without further delay.

The Contest is open to all and there is no limit to the number of conclusions you may submit. Ample time is allowed you for the concoction of your replies.

Below, Mr. Farr has pictured a predicament in which many a young lady has found herself.

Complete—in twenty-five words or less—her Alibi, or excuse, and send it in to the Alibi Contest Editor.

You may enter now—it is not necessary to have competed before. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER EIGHT must reach **LIFE's** office not later than twelve noon on February 17, 1927.

Prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of
 \$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER NINE will be published in **LIFE** next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—
 and go to it.

ALIBI NUMBER EIGHT



Her Fiancé: YOU PROMISED TO DANCE WITH ME, AND THEN WENT AND SAT OUT FOUR DANCES WITH FRED TUPPLE. WHAT'S THE IDEA?

She: WELL—YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY...

The High Hatters

"EVER read any of the comic strips?"

"Naw; they're just for women and kids."

"You're right; but I happened to see one the other day in which Skippy was bawling out a funny little shaver because he was always belittling something."

"Yeah, I saw that, too. It was rich. And just a look at Andy Gump's face hands me a laugh every time."

"I enjoy the Bungle Family especially. That couple reminds me of some neighbors——"

"Same here. My wife always wonders why I roar at that one. She thinks Mutt and Jeff are good."

"Oh, well, women never did know anything about humor, anyway. For a real kick, give me the Katzenjammer Kids."

"I prefer Jiggs and Maggie. I sure sympathize with that guy."

"Why? Doesn't your wife let you go out at night?"

"Say, what are you trying to do—slam me?"

"Why the hysterics? Haven't you got a sense of humor?"

"Yes—and I didn't get it from those infantile comic strips, either."

"Do you mean to insinuate——?"

"Yes, I do."

CHAPTER II

"Two hundred dollars and costs for both of you."

Robert Hage.

Neo-Shavian

HONORARY membership in the Just-to-Be-Different Club is hereby conferred upon George Bernard Shaw. While it has long been understood that an Englishman is a good loser, it remained for Mr. Shaw to demonstrate, with the help of the Nobel Prize committee, that it takes an Irishman to be a bad winner.

Answered

CLUBWOMAN (delivering speech): What is home without a mother?

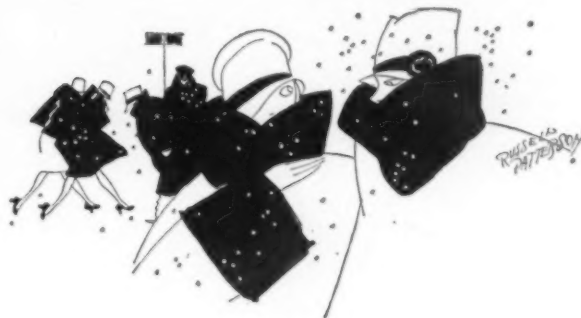
VOICE IN GALLERY: Her kid.



Big Laughs of the Past

CLEOPATRA ENCOUNTERS ONE PARLOR SNAKE TOO MANY.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I've got a new beau! Actually, he's the SWEETest thing you've ever SEEN and FRIGHTfully intelligent. Because I mean he has the MOST tremendous CAR you ever SAW, my dear, and he sends me the MOST heavenly flowers ALL the time. I mean the house has been simply FILLED with orchids since the first MINute I met him, my dear. Did you ever HEAR of anything so PERFECTLY SCREAMING? Honestly, my dear, I've never had such a thrilling RUSH in my WHOLE young life. . . . Yes, comes from a FRIGHTfully RICH family and Father says they're simply ROTTen with money and FRIGHTfully fast and everything and Father says I shouldn't have ANYthing to do with him. Can you BEAR it, my dear? Aren't parents simply the LIMit, though? Well, I'm simply MAD about him because he's so sort of soPHISTICated and everything and he wears the smartest CLOTHES, my dear. I mean you sort of like to be SEEN places with him because he's so FRIGHTfully good-looking in that kind of man-of-the-WORLD sort of way, my dear, because I mean he carries himself with an AIR, sort of. Well, ANYways, Father's simply FURious about it, my dear, and says I must forBID him to see me any more, but I mean he's ACTually the FIRST really deLIGHTful man I've ever KNOWN, my dear, and I'm going to keep right on SEEING him no matter WHAT Father says—don't you think I'm ABSolutely right, my dear—I mean don't you HONestly think so?"

Lloyd Mayer.

Merely History

"BACCHUS, that first from out the purple grape Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine."

"Aha!" chortled Wayne B. Wheeler as he came across this passage in the works of John Milton. "Everything is fine now! We've found a precedent."

WHY don't the ball players start a confession magazine?



A COMIC STRIP SALESMAN VISITS THE NEW YORK Times.



FEBRUARY 3, 1927

VOL. 89. 2309

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor
F. D. CASEY, Art Editor

IF the Republican party has talent which has not yet come to notice, this is a favorable time to produce it. Mr. Borah is doing his best and it is good, but he is only moderately Republican and his position in the Senate, though powerful, is not one that gives him compelling influence in his party. He is a leader, and often valuable as such, but seldom a Republican leader.

The particular kind of talent that is in special request just now is diplomatic and especially for service in Mexico. For nearly twenty years now Mexico has been difficult, and no one with sufficient diplomatic talent to do much good has represented the United States in that country. Maybe the pay is too small. Whatever it is, to double or treble it would be a cheap experiment considering the importance of the concerns affected. So far as is recalled, neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Wilson was able to discover any emissary to Mexico who added to his reputation by what he did there. Certainly our present representative, Mr. Sheffield, is a man of parts and of a high respectability. If Mexico sent him as her Ambassador to the United States, we should feel honored. But being Ambassador to these States and being Ambassador from these States to Mexico are two very different jobs requiring very different training. Mr. Sheffield is college-taught and lawyer-trained. He has never been on the road with a thimble and some peas, never been in serious trouble with the police, never worked seven years in Fulton Market. Without looking it up, one

would say that Mr. Sheffield had had a comparatively uneventful life with few down-and-outs in it. Anyhow, he hasn't thought of any way to make Mexico pleased with us and still retain for himself the confidence of piety and business in the United States.

Maybe it cannot be done. But there's Mr. Charles Dawes, the plan expert, who introduced so much peace into Europe. He is a Republican, and if he could be spared from his present employment to smoke a few underslung pipes of peace with Señor Calles, it would be an interesting experiment. Failing that, the President might borrow the Governor of New York, a Catholic, a man of highly complicated sympathies and reputed to be a master of conciliation, and not easily fooled.



HOWEVER, thanks to Mr. Borah, the newspapers and Congress, things look better both in Mexico and Nicaragua. Public sentiment is very averse to bullying the Latin Americans, however trying they may be. Our posture in Nicaragua, where United States Marines seem to be the mainstay of a minority government, is far from satisfactory. The general mind of this world at this time—with such exceptions as the W. C. T. U. and the Methodist Board of Morals—is favorable to the idea of making the pursuit of righteousness an open game, catch as can. Of course, that involves leaving people and nations a considerable latitude in going to

the Devil if they so prefer, but it is a law of human existence that improvement comes by learning to prefer what is good to what is bad, and that it is absolutely the exercise of that choice that increases intelligence and makes character. To allow all individuals and all nations as much of that choice as the general human experiment can stand is increasingly the disposition of contemporary life. The War made force unpopular, and for our country the lessons of the War have been strengthened and extended by Prohibition.



THE papers report that the Scotch distillers, finding that whisky is losing favor, have turned to experiments in wine-making, to that end importing dried currants from Greece. Whatever may be the merits of currant wine so contrived, the Scotch distillers are on the right track and are lucky in living under laws that permit experiment in new beverages. In spite of all the bootleggers and all the Volsteads, Ella Booles and Wayne Wheelers, whisky, even in Scotland, is not popular at current prices, is not a good beverage in this mechanical age, and can be elbowed out of use by much milder beverages if the chance is given them. Even under our laws as they are, there has been a vast increase in domestic wine-making from grapes, with resulting provision of beverages that neither kill nor blind their drinkers. But in order to make reasonably good wine, one must know how and have a place to make it and most city-dwelling people nowadays cannot meet either of these requirements.

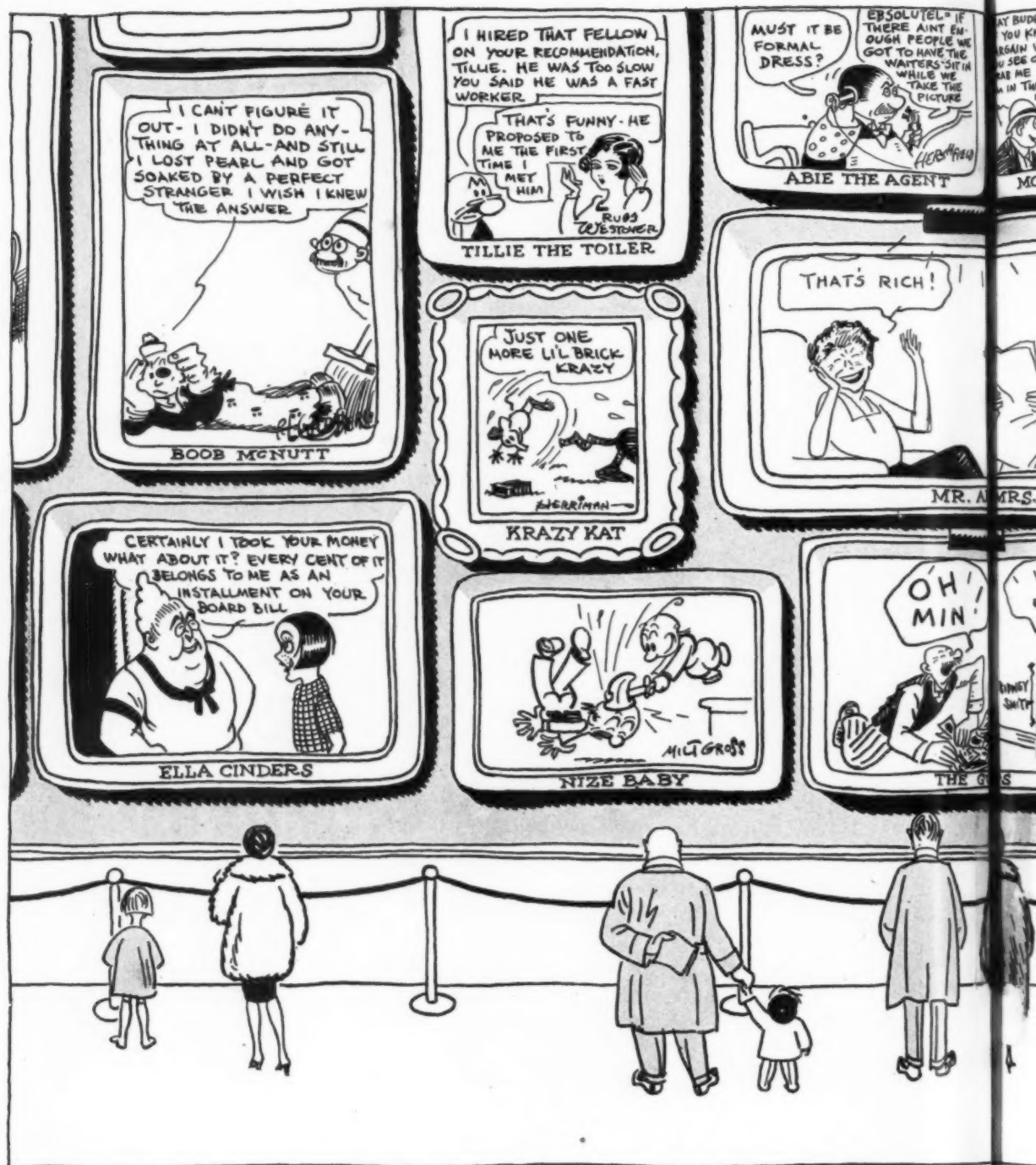
AS between Charlie Chaplin and his wife, public sympathy is with Charlie; as between the Fort Worth minister and the man he shot, sympathy is with the deceased; as between Senator Glass and Professor Seymour, sympathy is with Col. House; as between Mr. Kellogg and Mexico, sympathy is with the United States.

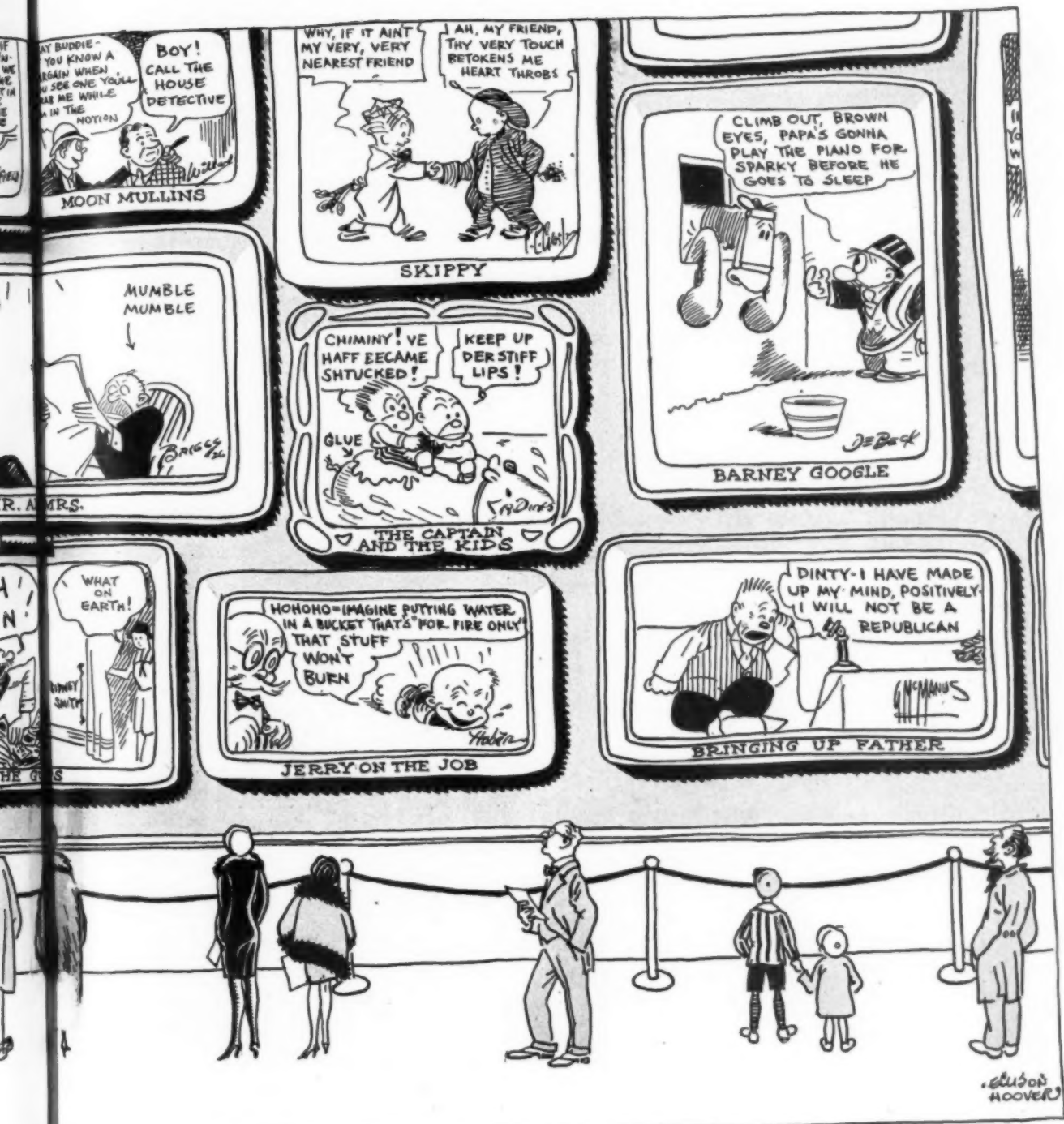
No one but a gold-digger could have seen a profitable husband in Charlie. He had no raising.

E. S. Martin.



He Can't Seem to Swing It





Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print *LIFE*, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—Something done in alphabet blocks.

Beyond the Horizon. *Bijou*—Eugene O'Neill's trail-blazer revived in fitting fashion.

The Brothers Karamazov. *Guild*—Incredibly hard times in Russia, suffered by an excellent cast including Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Clare Eames.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Something dignified and stately for Walter Hampden.

The Captive. *Empire*—A good play, regardless of what it is about.

Civic Theatre. *(14th St.)*—Eva Le Gallienne in brave repertory.

The Constant Nymph. *Cort.*—A tender and affecting handling of the novel.

Honor Be Damned. *Morosco*—By and with Willard Mack. To be reviewed later.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—The ever-present Negro problem presented with considerable power.

Laboratory Theatre. *(East 88th St.)*—Tiny repertory which has its good points.

The Ladder. *Waldorf*—Well, it seems that we all come back to earth again after death in a reincarnation, believe it or not.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Just a year old this week, and for several good reasons, one of which is Miss Ullrich.

The Noose. *Hudson*—Good staple melodrama.

Praying Curve. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed later.

Puppets and Passions. *Masque*—With Frank Morgan and Christine Norman. To be reviewed later.

Sex. *Daly's*—Not even deserving of the name.

The Silver Cord. *John Golden*—A highly interesting presentation of the menace of Mother-love, with Laura Hope Crews, Margalo Gillmore and Elizabeth Risdon in an excellent cast.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Sex raising its attractive head in Spain, of all places.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Barker. *Billmore*—To be reviewed next week.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Showing what excellent entertainment melodrama can be when it is expertly handled.

Chicago. *Music Box*—The way of the lady murderer in these sentimental States shown in a bitterly farcical satire.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—An ideal comedy for Ethel Barrymore, which is saying a lot.

Damn the Tears. *Garrick*—To be reviewed later.

The Devil in the Cheese. *Charles Hopkins*—A fantasy which comes through better than most.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—G. P. Huntley is back in the cast again, adding another delightful characterization to those of June Walker and Edna Hibbard.

His Own Way. *Comedy*—Leo Carrillo in a translation of the "French Abie's Irish Rose."

Lady Alone. *Forrest*—With Alice Brady. To be reviewed next week.

The Little Spitfire. *Klaw*—Sap.

Mozart. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Mr. and Mrs. Guitry making you forget how little French you know.

New York Exchange. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Deliberately shocking, but not a bad piece of work at that.

The Night Hawk. *Frolic*—Carroll McComas in a dramatization of glands.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Several very funny scenes, well acted by Holbrook Blinn and his confrères.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—With Jane Cowl. To be reviewed later.

Sam Abramovitch. *National*—To be reviewed next week.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—To be reviewed later.

Tommy. *Gaiety*—Good and, by an odd coincidence, clean.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—Also clean.

The Virgin Man. *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

What Never Dies. *Lyceum*—E. H. Sothern in a comedy with a slightly euphemistic title.

Where's Your Husband. *Greenwich Village*—Naïve farce.

The Wooden Kimono. *Martin Beck*—Slapstick thriller.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—Intime revue with smart spots.

Betsy. *New Amsterdam*—Mr. Ziegfeld's second-best.

Bye, Bye, Bonnie. *Ritz*—Good of its kind.

Cross-Cross. *Globe*—Fred Stone in a Fred Stone show.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—Good all-around musical comedy, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.



YVONNE PRINTEMPS IN "MOZART."

Gay Paree. *Winter Garden*—The Winter Garden seems to be getting better and better—or maybe it's just Chic Sale.

George White's Scandals. *Apollo*—Revue which is alone in its class.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Eddie Dowling in good old reliable stuff.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—On Thursday nights only, so save Thursday nights.

The Nightingale. *Jolson*—All about Jennie Lind, with Eleanor Painter as the Swedish Nightingale.

Oh, Kay! Imperial—With Gertrude Lawrence, Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw it ought to be possible to get some pleasure out of an evening here.

Oh, Please! *Fulton*—Beatrice Lillie at the top of her form, which is enough to make any show worth seeing. Charles Winninger as an added attraction.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—A new musical show, with Helen Ford, which bids fair to be one of the old ones by fall.

Piggy. *Royale*—Sam Bernard in a modern approximation of "The Rich Mr. Hoggendheimer."

The Pirates of Penzance. *Plymouth*—Another Gilbert and Sullivan revival which warms those things of your heart—cockles. Thursday nights — "Iolanthe."

Queen High. *Ambassador*—The more musical shows that come to town, the better this seems. Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—Bobby Clark at large in a great big show. Hilarious clowning.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—To be reviewed later.

Rose-Marie. *Century*—Back again after cleaning up England.

Twinkle, Twinkle. *Liberty*—Joe Brown is funny, but that's about all.

Vanities of 1927. *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

Yours Truly. *Shubert*—To be reviewed later.

In the Discard

HE passes! Fashion's saddest dupe!

A hopeless, friendless, joyless mortal;

The Fates have knocked him for a loop,

The wolf is parked beside his portal!

His are the cares the jobless know;
His shoes are worn, his hat is battered;

The icy winds about him blow
And pierce his garments, thin and tattered.

Alas! No butter for his bread,
No brandy for his cocktail shaker,
No blanket for his wretched bed...
God help this night the Petticoat Maker!

Clara Phillippi Johnson.



Without Being Controversial

WE are probably the last person in the world qualified to argue with Miss Anne Nichols over the reason for the horrible success of "Abie's Irish Rose," but when she says, as she did on the occasion of the play's two-thousandth performance, that people like it because it preaches tolerance and brotherly love, we brave the jeers and taunts of the populace and protest that Miss Nichols doesn't know her own strength. It is our opinion (now quoted in the open market at .04 cents on the dollar) that just exactly the opposite is true.

Up until the final act, "Abie's Irish Rose" is teeming with racial hatred and intolerance, and if there is one thing that an American audience laughs at more than another it is a good, acrimonious, snarling fight on the stage. If there is one character in a play who hates everybody else, who is constantly muttering maledictions on them, who flies into a rage the minute an object of his hate enters, that character is a sure-fire comedy hit. "Abie's Irish Rose" has not only one such character—it has two. *Mr. Cohen* and *Mr. Murphy* can not abide each other's presence. When *Mr. Cohen* is on stage and *Mr. Murphy* enters, the audience screams with anticipatory delight before even a word is spoken. All classes of theatregoers, including this reviewer, love a good, disagreeable character who is a facile spleen-venter. And there is more spleen vented in the first two acts of "Abie's Irish Rose" than in all of Shaw put together.

Just run over in your mind the comedy characters at which you have laughed hardest, and unless our office statistician is a liar, you will find that seven out of ten have been either venomous misanthropes (like the mother in "The Show-Off"), or timid souls whose life has been made miserable by the verbal assaults of some bitter hectorer (like the series of William Collier persecutions). Brotherly love, me eye!

It is quite possible that the tolerance motif in the last act of "Abie's Irish Rose" serves to flatter the audience into an emotional confidence that their hearts are in the right place and sends them home in a glow of righteousness, but the show is a hit long before the last act and it is the old spirit of the Roman gladiatorial combats which has made it so.

Some day we should like to get together with Miss Nichols and give her a few pointers on how to please the public.



THE new edition of Mr. Carroll's "Vanities" is new chiefly in the presence of a little group of Britishers from the late *Charlot Revue* in London, headed by that

appealing comedian, Mr. Herbert Mundin, and Miss Jessie Matthews.

The sketches which they have imported are good and bad. But even a bad English sketch has something worthy about it. You may not laugh at the lines but somewhere behind them you detect the functioning of a humorous mind and you have respect for them. You feel that the fault is partly with you and the rest of the audience that it falls flat. And no line delivered by Mr. Mundin can ever be quite without effect.



THE rest of the show consists, as heretofore, of Mr. Julius Tannen, who is the only entertainer we know of who speaks three dialects at once (and how many more times do we have to plead for an act making use of his uncanny powers of mimicry?), and also Moran and Mack, again joined in dialectic union, thereby vitiating our tender paragraph on their separation a few weeks ago. And, although they hold their philosophic dialogues in new groves, they still are concerned over the early bird, the olive farm in Rome, and the irrefutable economic law governing the sale of pigs, which means that, for the seventeenth time by actual count, this representative of the press burst into small pieces with explosive appreciation.

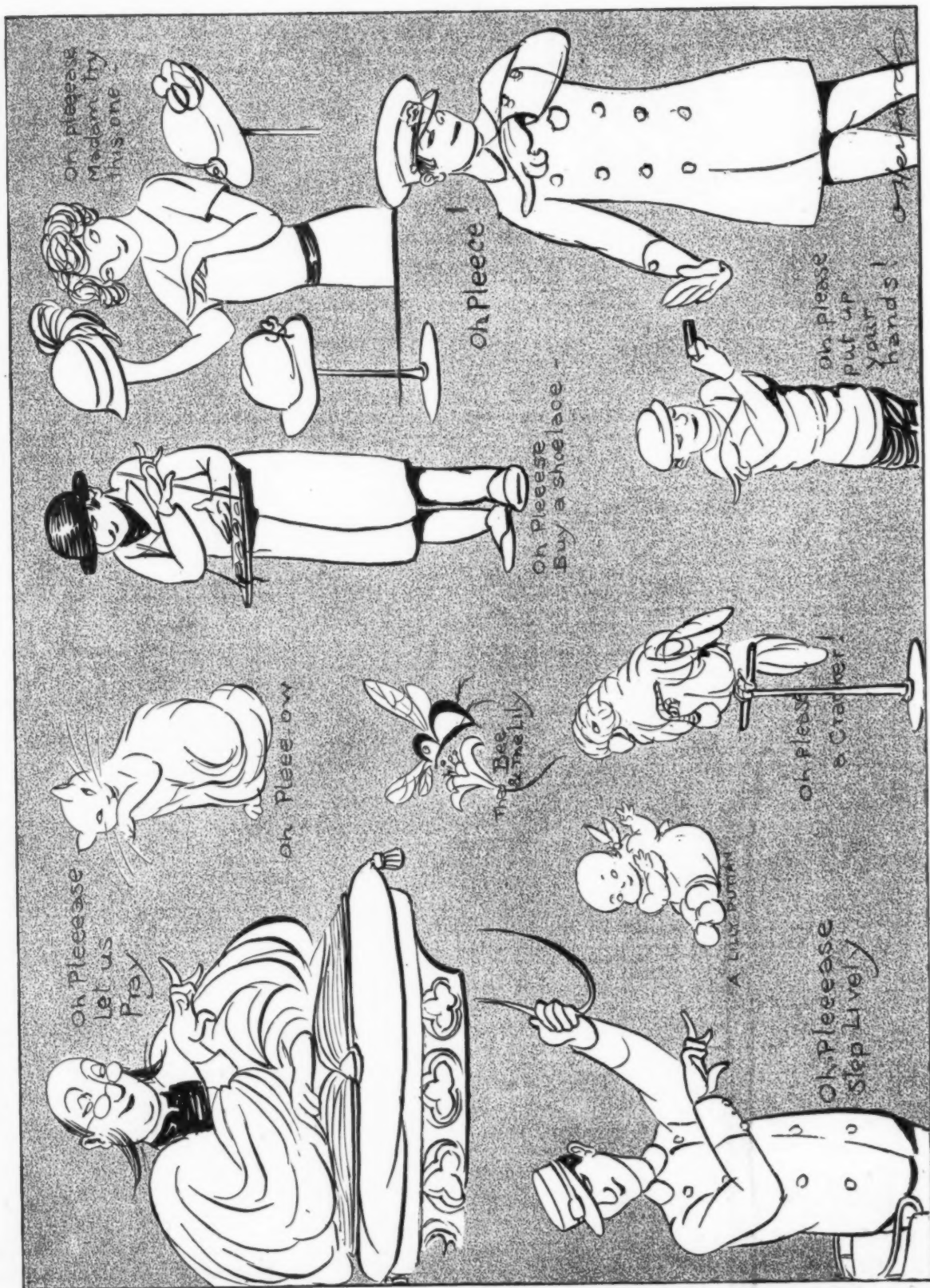


FRIGHTENING people is a serious business and calls for expert technique. You can't frighten people by shouting "Boo" at them if they have seen you coming a hundred yards away or if you aren't very good at shouting "Boo." This would seem to be the trouble with the American Branch of the Grand Guignol which is shouting "Boo" in English down on Grove Street.

The plays produced at the Paris Grand Guignol are seldom any great shakes but they are done with an eye for realism which helps to petrify the audience. The horrors down on Grove Street are something less than real, doubtless owing to the fact that most of the participants, while earnest and hard-working, are no more convincing than actors south of Fourteenth Street usually are, and unless you are convinced that there are really a lot of murderous Chinese storming the gate or that the gentleman really has his hands cut off, you are not going to fly into much of a panic.

And something has got to be done about this incessant shooting of howitzers that goes on in the theatre. You don't frighten people that way but you do make them awfully cross.

Robert Benchley.



Consider the Lillie

THE REACTING OF OUR ARTIST AFTER SEEING BEATRICE LILLIE IN "OH, PLEASE!"

SEX

A S

A
glori
war-

Ro

ing-

An

the

when

hard

sum

ages

hear

forc

It

Bab

"V

be a

love

so I

had

wat

know

"

wen

tood

the

so e

I s

M

O h

look

som

and

A

Bab

ter

the

fi

d i

sio

l a

spe

o f

ish

"

up

wav

had

the

Poi

Ely

Jac

my

sole

tha

fro

Tabloid History of America

SEX LURE STIRS VET BABS ASKS HEART BALM

A SIMPLE little girl in a tiny Maryland town—
A soldier, a man of the world, glorified with all the trappings of war—

Romance, brief and heartbreaking—

And now—the sordid purlieus of the Court of Domestic Relations where "Babs" Fritchie, pretty and hardly looking her admitted sixteen summers, is asking \$100,000 damages from Gen. Thomas J. ("Stoneheart") Jackson, of the Confederate forces, alleging breach of promise.

It all started—but, no, let little Babs tell her own story.

"We all heard there was going to be a parade," she sobbed, "and I love to watch the soldiers march by, so I went to the window. Mother had never told me it was wrong to watch the parades, so how did I know?"

"Boom, boom, boom! went the drums, and toodle-oodle-oo! went the fifes. Oh, I was so excited! And then I saw the General—Mr. Jackson. Oh, but he looked so handsome—and—and good!"

And here Babs gave a bitter little laugh, the laugh of the first poignant disillusion of youth, a laugh that spelled the ashes of childish hopes.

"So I jumped up and down and screamed and waved my little flag that dear Papa had given me two years earlier when the Elks had their clam bake at the Point Potomac Casino and Picnic Elysium. And the General—Mr. Jackson—looked right straight into my eyes and smiled and stopped the soldiers and made up a little poem that he recited to me right there in front of all the world. It went:



ELIZA CROSSING THE EYES.



THE SCIENTIFIC FARMER DISCOVERS A NEW WAY TO PROTECT HIS CORN FIELD.

"'Gray-tresses, Gray-tresses, wilt thou be mine?"

By column of squads, right front into line!"

"But," and her voice broke pathetically, "he n-never came back. They said he'd gone away to fight the Unions, and I think it's horrid to fight. And then I learned he was m-married. So I entered suit for one hundred cool grand, not that I need the money, but I want him to s-suffer as I have s-suffered!"

Jackson has entered a categorical denial of all charges.

Tip Bliss.

Self-Service

"I'VE been watching that mechanic for the last fifteen minutes. There's a man that knows his business. He didn't spill a drop of oil on the mudguard. He put down the hood gently, fastened it securely and left no fingerprints on it. He wiped his hands on clean

waste before opening the door, spread a clean cloth over the upholstery, meshed the gears noiselessly and then drove slowly and with caution into the street."

"Yeah. That's his own car."

WHETHER it is art or Art seems to depend chiefly upon whether you capitalize it or Capitalize it.

Twenty Years of Progress

"THERE has certainly been a great improvement in the newspaper comic sections in the last twenty years."

"Yes; one hardly ever sees the colors run together any more."



Big Laughs of the Past

HUMPTY DUMPTY LEARNS THAT SOFT-BOILED EGGS DON'T BOUNCE.



Sir Isaac Newton and the Kids

OR, THE LAW OF GRAVITATION MADE EASY FOR COMIC STRIP MINDS.

A Little Chat with a Literate Man

"DO you get to the movies much?"
 "No, I don't; I read somewhere they were hard on the eyes."
 "You don't miss a lot. They're all rotten."

"You're wrong there, I think. I read somewhere that they're the coming art form."

"Perhaps you're right. 'The Big Parade' was good."

"Did you like it? I read somewhere that it might have been a lot better."

"Well, maybe so. Say, I bet those

"No. Quite the reverse. I read somewhere that the sale of radio sets has fallen off."

"Hard times coming, maybe."

"No. I read somewhere the country was never so prosperous."

"Then Coolidge will have it again sure."

"Not at all. I read somewhere that he hasn't a chance at a third term."

"Well, it's good weather we're having."

"I don't know. I read somewhere that the average temperature in—"

"Hell!"

"You shouldn't say that. I read somewhere that there isn't any such place."

W. W. Scott.

Journalistic Portraits

Judge Landis

HE is an upright little man with white hair, named after the Civil War. Between April and October he sits in a box at a baseball park, where he leans over the railing and talks to Babe Ruth. Between October and April he issues statements.

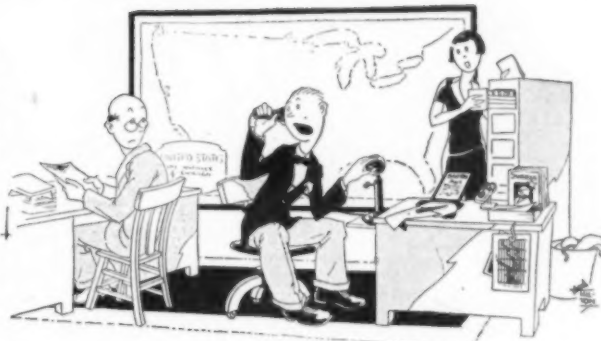
He once fined the Standard Oil Company twenty-nine million but the Government attorneys have been unable to use this as a precedent in any recent oil cases.

He is the only absolute monarch left since the War, with the solitary exception of Will H. Hays.

He is called "Judge" because he once occupied the Federal Bench in Illinois and some of his associates think it safer to keep the habit of referring to him respectfully.

But Judge Landis's real title is Commissioner because his main business is seeing that baseball players do not take commissions.

McC. H.



The One-Hundred-Per-Center (receiving call from London): I CAN'T GET WHAT THIS BOZO'S DRIVING AT. HE'S TALKING ENGLISH!

A Pertinent Question

"MY boy says he's going to marry your daughter and paddle his own canoe," remarked the first millionaire.

"Yes," replied the second. "But which of us will be expected to pay for the canoe?"

Putting Her Wise

ELLA: So the professor said this little pocket dictionary would be a great help to you with your French lessons?

BELLA: That's what he gave me to understand.



Big Laughs of the Past

JULIET DECIDES TO DO A BRODIE FOR ROMEO.

movie people have some high old times out there in Hollywood."

"No, you're quite wrong. I read somewhere they all lead quiet lives at home."

"I suppose they have to. That acting must be pretty hard work."

"No, it isn't. I read somewhere there's no acting to it. They just cast types."

"That's all it is, I guess. The radio will soon have it over them."



THE SILENT DRAMA



"Blonde or Brunette"

AFTER a rather sorry sojourn in Michael Arlen's Mayfair, Adolphe Menjou is back in Paris, where he belongs, and is up to his old tricks. "Blonde or Brunette" is a perfect Menjou picture—light, fluffy, gay and nimble.

It is the story of a gentleman whose preferences are not firmly established, even in his own mind. He skips from the Nordic Greta Nissen to the Latin Arlette Marchal, and finally back again—making this final leap because Miss Nissen happens to be the good girl, and Miss Marchal the naughty one. They form an extremely happy trio.

"Blonde or Brunette" was directed by Richard Rosson, a comparatively new director who is more than adept in the application of the popular Lubitsch touch.

"The Perfect Sap"

BEN LYON is at his best in "The Perfect Sap"—and if you choose

to take that as faint praise, it certainly is no fault of mine. He has much the same type of rôle as was his in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" (his best previous picture), and he handles it well.

"The Perfect Sap" is a detective melodrama, with plenty of kidding throughout, and with Pauline Starke to lend both animation and ornamentation. There are dull moments, but there are plenty of hearty laughs.

Most important of all—Ben Lyon is not permitted to suffer visibly, nor does he have the opportunity to indulge in much strenuous love-making; which is just exactly as well.

"Nobody's Widow"

HERE is another light one which, somehow or other, manages to carry weight. "Nobody's Widow" is a frivolous Avery Hopwood farce about a girl who marries a duke, leaves him after the ceremony, and then pretends that he has been gath-

ered to his fathers. Of course he pursues her to California and, after the necessary hemming and hawing, they resume married life right where they had left off.

Leatrice Joy gives a vivid and exciting performance as the Duchess, and Charles Ray, handsomely attired in clothes from Bond Street (Los Angeles), is thoroughly pleasant as His Grace.

Bulletin

THERE is to be a duel scene between the hero and the villain in the great American Movie. The hero will not shoot into the air, but will aim straight at the villain. Being a poor shot, he will miss; the villain's bullet, on the other hand, will travel straight to the mark, and the hero will not recover from the wound. This episode will occur early in the first reel, and the picture consequently will end right there.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Valencia. "In my dreams it always seems..." Oh, shut up!

Bardelys the Magnificent. Super-Sabatini, involving the active John Gilbert.

Twinkletoes. Colleen Moore as a dancing girl of Limehouse—and she's very good, too.

The Winning of Barbara Worth. Melodrama and love in the great, unclaimed desert, with Ronald Colman, a bursting dam and Vilma Banky.

Faust. Emil Jannings as *Mephisto* in a somewhat silly rendition of the famous story.

Tell It to the Marines. One of Lon Chaney's greatest performances.

Hotel Imperial. Effective camera angles, Pola Negri and a pretty stupid story.

The Great Gatsby. An unsuccessful attempt to sweeten a sordid subject.

We're in the Navy Now. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton do their stuff.

Tin Hats. Another rollicking comedy of the doughboys which might have been quite funny several years ago.

The Sorrows of Satan. Scenes to inspire you with awe, and scenes to upset your stomach—all contrived by D. W. Griffith.

The Canadian. Thomas Meighan in the dreary wheatfields.

Flesh and the Devil. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo shoot the romantic works in a not-so-terribly-interesting sex drama.

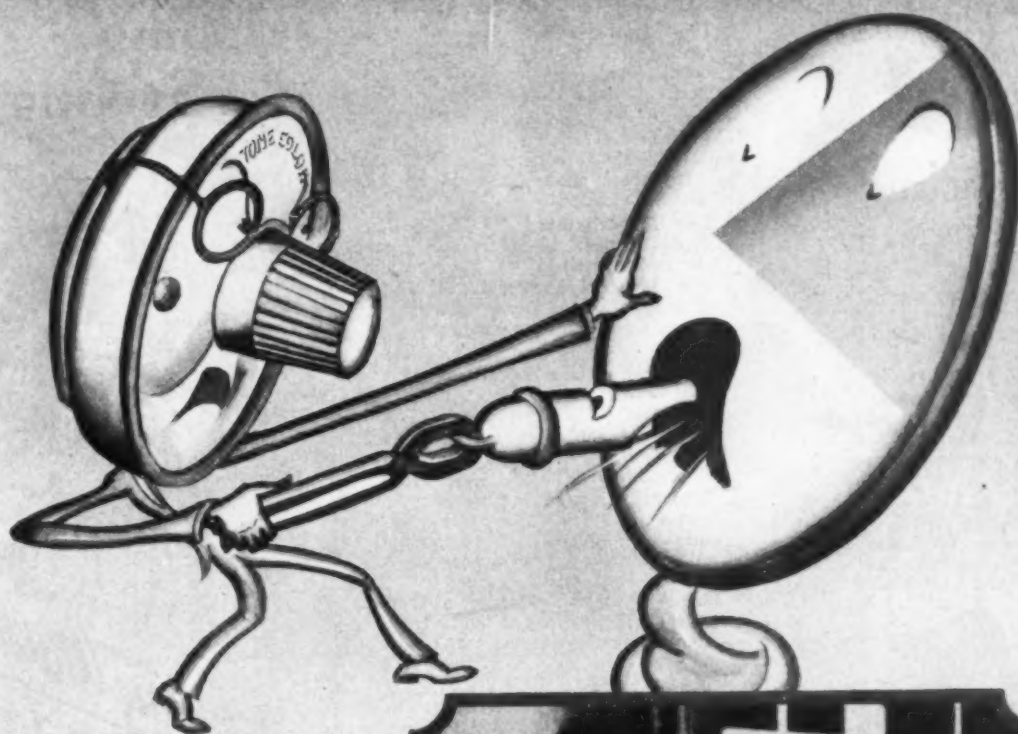
The Better 'Ole. Syd Chaplin thoroughly at home in the guise of Old Bill, the eternal Tommy.

Ben-Hur. Biblical backgrounds reproduced in minutest detail and at vast expense for those who care to see them.

Don Juan. John Barrymore is very amorous indeed.

What Price Glory, The Scarlet Letter, The Fire Brigade, Old Ironsides, Beau Geste and The Big Parade. These are the leading attractions at present.





Painless Extraction

SYNCHROPHASE radio reception is free from the usual whistles, shrieks and disagreeable noises.

The Colortone extracts them — painlessly but thoroughly. It keeps the tone clear and natural, eliminating the influence of the loud speaker.

Send for Booklet L. Then go hear a Synchrophase receiver.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 West 57th St., New York City

Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

The oldest exclusive radio manufacturer.



Flexible Unit Control
makes the
Synchrophase
A One Dial
Controlled Set
but permits individual
dial setting at will.



The Synchrophase
is also supplied in
five beautiful
console models.

The GREBE Synchrophase RADIO





The Aristocracy of Craven

Like a fine old painting—or the novels of Dickens and Thackeray—**Craven Mixture** has remained unchanged for 60 years—the most popular and highly praised tobacco in the world.

And today you can buy **Craven Mixture** anywhere in the United States and Canada—packed in air-tight tins to keep it fresh and fragrant. Get a tin—fill your pipe—truly, this is “a tobacco to live for!” As Sir James Barrie said—

For a liberal sample tin send 10c in stamps to American Office, Dept. L, Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Ave. New York City.



Clear Up Bloodshot Eyes this Safe Way

When your eyes become bloodshot from over-use, lack of sleep or exposure to sun, wind, dust or tobacco smoke, apply a few drops of harmless **MURINE**. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as fine as they look. **MURINE** contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Try it.

Write The Murine Company, Dept. 95, Chicago, for **FREE** Book on Eye Beauty

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Among the New Books

The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. (*Boni & Liveright*.) The most interesting and significant of the early moderns presents his assembled wares.

Life of Eugene Field. By Slason Thompson (*Appleton*). An old comrade and professional colleague writes what he remembers about one of America's favorite humorists.

The Two Sisters. By H. E. Bates (*Viking Press*). The triangle again. To be reviewed later.

The Mysterious Affair at Styles. By Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*). An excellent three-hour bedtime story.

Wine, Women and War. Anonymous (*Sears*). The gentlemen say that this is stirring stuff.

The Minister's Daughter. By Hildur Dixelius (*Dutton*). A translation from the Swedish of one of that literature's most modern novels.

Benjamin Garver Lamme. An Autobiography (*Putnam*). The personal accomplishments of a great engineer and a corollary history of the pioneer development of his profession.

Once a Clown, Always a Clown. The reminiscences of De Wolf Hopper, written in collaboration with Wesley Winans Stout (*Little, Brown*). The life story of a popular star.

West of the Moon. By Anna Roberson Burr (*Duffield*). A maid in pursuit of a lost young man.

Medusa's Head. By Josephine Daskam Bacon (*Appleton*). A mystery in the midst of New York's *beau monde*.

Napoleon. By Emil Ludwig (*Boni & Liveright*). The latest contribution to an apparently inexhaustible subject.

The Law of the Talon. By Louis Tracy (*Clode*). *Detective Furneaux* solves another baffling case, with a trail advertised as leading right into the heart of Scotland's aristocracy.

Ninth Avenue. By Maxwell Bodenheim (*Boni & Liveright*). The plot is thickened by miscegenation.

Behind the Fog. By H. H. Bashford (*Harper*). For the crime and mystery fans.

East Side, West Side. By Felix Riesenber (*Harcourt, Brace*). A novel of the metropolis and the last of the *Van Horns*.

The Curse of the Reckaviles. By Walter S. Masterman (*Dutton*). Murder, murder, murder—in a village by the sea.

Electric Development as an Aid to Agriculture. By Guy E. Tripp (*Putnam*). We can't be reading detective stories all the time. B. L.



Big Laughs of the Past

MOSES WANTS SERVICE—AND GETS IT!

Going Strong



Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
for 20¢
Extremely Mild

Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" - Insist!

For Colds Headache
Pain Lumbago
Neuralgia Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe → Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manu-
facture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

You will find the symbol "Body by Fisher," on every car which leads its price division in beauty, in value, in staunchness—*and in sales*



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

A Business Man



"MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU WANT TO REMOVE THE SNOW FROM THE FRONT OF MY HOUSE?"



"...I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE FRANCS. HERE'S A SHOVEL — AND WILL LEAVE YOU..."



"TO WORK."



"NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHO'S THAT MAN WORKING IN YOUR PLACE?"

Mr. Rogers on Poison Rum

"TALK about America being unarmed and unprepared for the next war. Why, say, we are setting pretty."

"Give the enemy a party the night before the war starts and serve Government booze. Government statistics prove they are running about five funerals to the quart."

"If you can't make 'em obey, kill 'em."
—Will Rogers, in *New York Times*.

Second Boyhood

AN elderly fellow decided to undergo rejuvenation treatment. On the morning after the completion of the cure he awoke suddenly to observe that the bedroom clock was pointing to eight. "Good Lord," he cried as he leapt out of bed, "I shall be late for school!"

—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

English as She Is Grossed

THE motion picture story of the week concerns a producer who has recently imported an alien star.

"She's a nize goil," he announced, "and I'm gonna loin her English."

—*New Yorker*.

Humoring the Old Idea

HIS DAUGHTER: Daddy darling, Jack and I love each other, and we've come to ask your consent. We've been married for a month, so we're sure we will be happy.—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

"I'm sure there is something terribly wrong with our new cook."

"Why?"

"She came along too easily."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE EMPLOYER (in 1950): Of what did your father die?

THE APPLICANT: The Eighteenth Amendment.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

ADD similes: As helpless as a tabloid without a cameraman.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.



"HE'S A MAN I HIRED TO REMOVE YOUR SNOW FOR SIX FRANCS."
"BUT WE AGREED ON FIVE FRANCS FOR THE JOB."



"OOH, PAPA, IS IT GOOD TO EAT?"

"DUNNO—LOOKS LIKE IT HAS A SHELL."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

FAMOUS saying: "Love is blonde."
—ANITA LOOS.—*Arkansas Gazette*.



"EXACTLY—DON'T YOU THINK I'VE PUT OVER A BIG DEAL? ALL THAT WORK — AND IT'S COSTING ME ONLY ONE FRANC!"
—*L'Intransigeant (Paris)*.

Wanted!

SHE came into the police station with a photograph in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," said she. "This is his photo." And she handed Exhibit A to the inspector.

"I want him found at once," she added. The inspector looked up from the photograph.

"Why?" he asked.

—*London Daily Chronicle.*

A New Grade

A SMALL girl who had done unusually well in the second grade was promoted to the third. Upon meeting her teacher, whom she loved dearly, her first words were: "Gee, but I wish you knew enough to teach me next year!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

"Come to put your fighter into the films?"

"If I can find a story with sufficient literary merit to suit him."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AN American undertaker has written a series of film comedies. Cinema patrons are requested not to read the sub-epitaphs aloud.—*Punch.*



AT HOME WITH THE JUGGLER WHO GOT TRIPLETS.

—*Söndagsnisse-Strix (Stockholm).*

The Complete Gob

A SHIPMATE is a guy who will lend you his last nickel, give you his neckerchief so you can go ashore, lend you his car, if any, his likker, his last cigarette, who will even lie for you, if need be, at mast or any such emergency, who will go to the bat for you and fight for you both ashore and on board and will lend you anything but his girl, but who gets sore as hell when you relieve him two minutes late for a watch.—*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Awful Condition of Jones

"TEDDY JONES says you got him blotto the other night."

"Blotto! Why, I got him so shot that it took a cabbie and two hall porters to get me to bed."—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

BANDIT (to bank teller): And get a move on you! Don't you know I can only park my car out there for fifteen minutes?—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"Is she intellectual?"

"No, I find her very intelligent."

—*Cincinnati Cynic.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



Wetzel

Established 1876
2 and 4 E Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

WETZEL enjoy
a national patronage—evidence
of the prestige of
their craftsmanship.

Copyright by Wetzel

He blew on his soup!



A NEWSPAPERMAN had lunch with some circus freaks. Seated next to him was the man who eats fire.

The fire-eater blew on his soup!

We don't like to blow about PICKWICK, but we drop this hint:

If you are parched by prohibition, sip some PICKWICK and immediately experience the ineffable amazement of thousands who already have assuaged the anguish of their hitherto yearning throats.

PICKWICK

PALE and STOUT

The Finest Brewed

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants

HAFFENREFFER & CO., BOSTON, MASS.



Pocket Ben

For men who
like to be on time

POCKET BEN was raised with Big Ben, Baby Ben and all his other Westclox brothers. They set him a good example and he lives up to it.

You can rely on him for sturdiness and truthfulness, traits that are traditional with the Westclox family.

You'll find Pocket Ben at the stores in your locality. Price \$1.50, with luminous dial \$2.25.

WESTERN CLOCK
COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

The Great Alibi Contest

(Continued from page 12)

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. The judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER EIGHT should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER EIGHT must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on February 17, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of March 10, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

A Wise Hick

THE farmer's son was showing the city flapper through the orchard. "These," said the farmer's son, "are Baldwins, and those are Jonathans. Over there are Russets, this is a Ben Davis, and there's Winesaps, Northern Spies and Gravensteins."

"Gee, kid," murmured the city flapper in awe, "you certainly know your apples!"



Big Laughs of the Past

SOLOMON—THE HEAVIEST SUGAR
DADDY OF THEM ALL.

Old Pipe-Smoker Switches Back to Favorite Tobacco

Evidently, one way to appreciate a certain tobacco is to try another kind.

At least, that has been the experience of one veteran pipe-smoker. By switching temporarily to other tobacco he finally came back to his old-time favorite with a new appreciation and a vow never to change again.

Read this "signed confession":

Peoria, Ill.
Aug. 26, 1926

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

Just a confession and an appreciation. A number of years ago I was a user of your Edgeworth smoking tobacco. But like some others, perhaps, I was led by alluring advertisements to change.

A few days ago I went into a drug store to get some tobacco, and on the case was the familiar can of Edgeworth. I bought it and since then I have enjoyed old-time comfort.

So my confession is that I made a mistake in changing to other brands, and my appreciation is such that Edgeworth will be my Smoke Pal while life lasts, which may not be long, for I have passed my "three score years and ten."

Very truly yours,

(signed) E. P. Fishburn



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16-N S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holders holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.]

The Poor Fish (Plural)

TIRE (going flat): Pssss-slslslsl.

BOY (in white flannels): Darn!

GIRL (beautiful, but not dumb): Oh, go ahead and swear.

BOY: I'm thinking of my trousers.

GIRL: I have it. Go behind that billboard; I'll change the tire.

(He does so, but she doesn't.)

FIRST PASSING MOTORIST (married but alone and seeing beautiful girl with flat tire): Need any help?

GIRL: Oh, thank you.

F. P. M. (stopping): I'll have it fixed in a jiffy.

SECOND TO SEVENTH PASSING MOTORISTS (either single men or married men traveling alone): Can't we help?

GIRL (smiling): Oh, I don't want to trouble you.

S. T. S. P. M. (as one): It's no trouble at all.

(EIGHTH PASSING MOTORIST, accompanied by his wife, drives by without stopping.)

F. P. M. (lowering jack): That didn't take long.

GIRL: How can I ever thank you?

S. T. S. P. M. (together): Don't mention it. (They drive off.)

GIRL (to Boy): Yoo-hoo, yoo-hoo.

Boy (to Girl): Have they gone?

(He emerges from his place of concealment, gets into the car, smiles admiringly at the Girl, and drives away, careful not to overtake any of the poor fish ahead of him.)

Bill Sykes.

What This Country Needs

FOR the first time in my life, perhaps, I am going to do it. I am going to make a statement beginning with the words, "What this country needs—" You see, I am a mild man who has never had any marked passion for airing his ideas on anything. I accepted Prohibition with a smile, and female suffrage with a grin. I make out my income tax report without a murmur. But now I want to come out flatfooted for a radical reform. I want to see a change in our coinage system. What this country needs is wooden nickels.

Retain the design of the present five-cent piece, keep the Indian and the buffalo—I don't care—but discard the alloy of nickel and copper and substitute wood. Once the metallic nickels are called in, the wooden ones, being legal, will become common; people will use them, give them, accept them. And thus there will be no whimsical significance in the remark, "Well, don't take any wooden nickels." What this country needs is better and brighter farewells.

Tupper Greenwald.

MURAD

THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE

For the man
who feels entitled
to life's
better
things



KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG

Tedious treatments unnecessary
if the soap used for daily cleansing is

Resinol

MEN—Stop Falling Hair!

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Write for Free Book, "How to have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp." It contains practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

Write Dept. P52

H. Clay Glover Co.,
Inc.

110 Fifth Ave.
New York

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

At
Druggists,
Barbers and
Hairdressers



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

THE NEW **INKOGRAPH SELF FILLER**

The Perfect Writing Instrument

Writes with ink as dry as a lead pencil. Won't skip, blot, scratch, leak or soil hands. Invaluable for all business writing.

Makes three carbon copies with original in ink. Outstanding—Send No Money.

Pay postman \$1.50 plus postage.

INKOGRAPH, CO., Inc.
199-79 Centre St., New York City

AGENTS Send for an Inkograph or sales plan book let which shows how to make big money.

There Is No **LIGHTER** Like **MASTER-LITE** LIGHTER

Everybody Marvels How It Lights
No Wind Can Blow It Out

Operates on an entirely new scientific principle of ignition. Indispensable to smokers. No hits, no misses, a sure flame. Handy pocket size. The most practical lighter for the smoker's convenience.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Selling to Consumers and Dealers

You will never know what a wonderful opportunity we offer until you see the Master-Lite Pocket Lighter and examine our sure-fire selling plan. Rely on a flash demonstration. We show you how to sell Master-Lite like and fast and how to build a steady repeat business. A real opportunity is yours if you act quick.

Send \$1.00 for sample 14kt. beautifully Gold-Plated Lighter and selling plan.

Masterlite Mfg. Co., 110-N East 23rd Street
New York City



Sure Relief



When there's a pretty girl around...

Are you the Patsy who squeezes oranges in the pantry while somebody else—ahem—guides her through the mazes of the dance? Are you even robbed of visual joy in her presence by the juice that the old fashioned squeezer lets fly?

We know a man who had this happen to him so often that it took all the hope out of life!

What did he do? One sunny day he signed on the dotted line and thereafter removed the delicious juice from Seald Sweet grapefruit and oranges, deftly, with a Seald Sweet Extractor.

This great little machine should be on every entertainment committee. It does the best extracting job you've ever seen—clean, quick and thoroughly; handling an overgrown grapefruit as easily as the tiniest orange. Try grapefruit juice. It's a delicious change and there's more of it.

The next time you're elected juice provider there's sure to be a pretty girl in the office. A word to the wise *should* be sufficient. Get one of these time and eye saving extractors today!

And remember there's one-fourth more juice in Florida Seald Sweet fruit!

The Seald Sweet Extractor gets all the luscious juice from each Seald Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is \$3.00—postage prepaid, \$3.25 West of the Rockies. We will send it to you for \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet orange or grapefruit wrappers.



Check & mail the coupon

The Florida Citrus Exchange
1005 Citrus Exchange Bldg.
Tampa, Florida

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$3.00—\$3.25.

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet wrappers enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 11)

on the London-Edinburgh train at every stop until he aroused the curiosity of a fellow traveller, who inquired the cause of his restlessness. Said the Scotchman, "I have just been to London to consult a heart specialist. He tells me I may die any minute, so I'm buying my ticket from station to station."

January Lay late, reading in 12th Slason Thompson's Life of Eugene Field, and astonished to learn that Field was so fond of practical joking. Me-thinks he would have had to be a very lovable character indeed to be excused for such a social defection, as, apparently, he was. When I did come, however, to the part which describes his having sent one of his extracted teeth to a young woman as a wedding present, I did close the book with the conviction that I did know all about him that I needed to know, and had liefer let him rest on his literary laurels... Mitty Earle to luncheon with me, with such an exhausting stream of talk and so little good to say of anybody or anything, that after her departure I was minded of the reason which Herbert Spencer gave for breaking with his fiancée, which was that she had "a small mind in a state of incessant activity." Ben Lytle in at tea time, telling me of the stenographer in his office who said she thought that, while "Broadway" was a good enough show in a way, it was too much like what happened in a girl's daily life, and that when she went to the theatre she wanted to be taken a little farther from reality. Sam home early, bringing with him a client from Pekin whom he introduced as "a great big opium and cocaine man from the East," which started a discussion as to the pronunciation of "cocaine," from which Sam emerged saying, "My head is bloody but unbowed," when he really should have said it was bony but unbowed, for Lord! he will never admit himself to be in the wrong on such points, and when the authorities fail to uphold him on any error which he may make, he falls back on the assertion that he has reverted to Old English. Baird Leonard.

LOOK on page 12 for the winners of *Alibi Number Three* and for the newest *Alibi Contest* picture. All of LIFE's readers are urged to participate in this amusing Contest, as many thousands have already done.



TRAFFIC OFFICER: "Yes, I'm sore—and so's my throat. I gotta breathe exhaust fumes all day. I told the chief I'd soon need a gas mask."

CHAUFFEUR: "We chauffeurs get it, too. But my boss told me to slip a Luden's in my mouth several times a day. Here, try a couple. You'll get quick relief."

NOTE: The beneficial and exclusive mental blend in Luden's Cough Drops brought comfort and quick relief over a billion times last year to sufferers from irritated throats, colds, coughs, hoarseness, etc. Luden's also sweeten the breath after smoking. In the yellow package—5¢—everywhere.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Memory Test for Veteran Comic Strip Fans

WHAT ever became of—

Fluffy Ruffles?
The Yellow Kid?
Percy the Mechanical Man?
Foxy Grandpa?
The Tiny Tads?
Willie Westinghouse Smith?
Mr. E. Z. Mark?
Groucho the Monk?
Buster Brown?

If any or all of the above are living and in retirement, why have they not written their memoirs for (a) *The Saturday Evening Post* or (b) *Liberty*?



Big Laughs of the Past

"GIT HOT!" SAID NERO TO ROME,
AND OBLIGED WITH THE JAZZ.

o's
rea
(as

But
my
a

hol
ort
e to
ha,
he
e-

is

S

an

iv-
ney
a)
b)

E,